

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN

ISSUE

109

ULTIMATE KNIGHTS: PART 4



MARVEL

**BENDIS
BAGLEY
HENNESSY
PONSOR**

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PREVIOUSLY IN ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN...

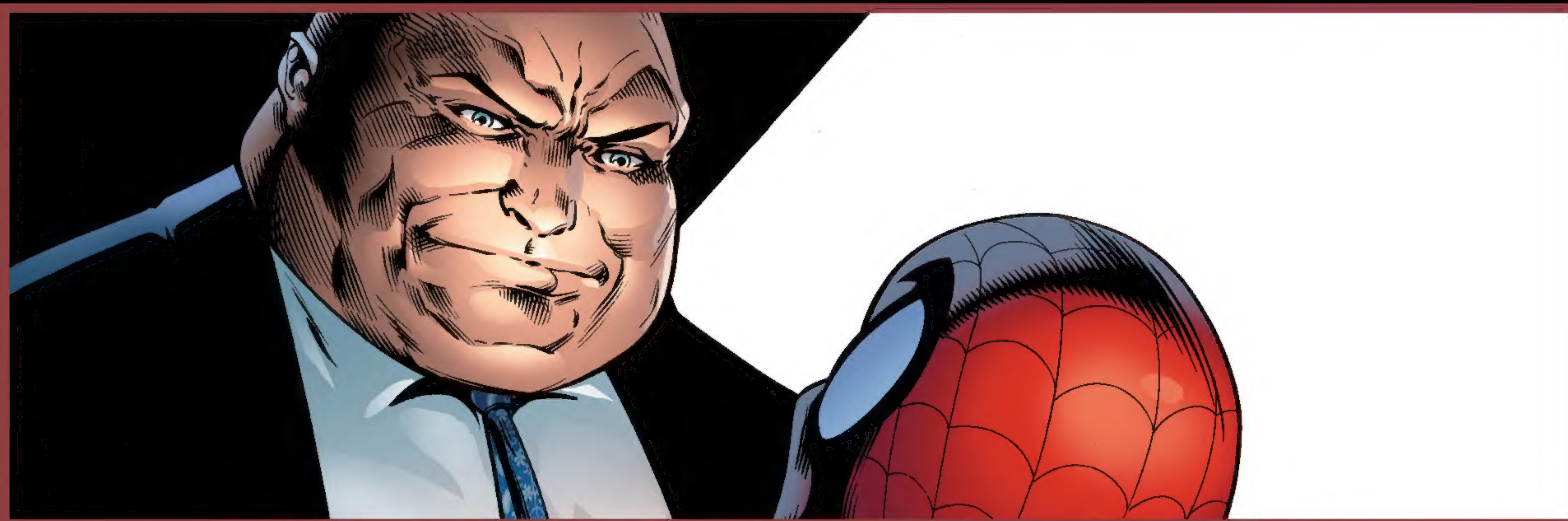
The bite of a genetically-altered spider granted high school student Peter Parker incredible, arachnid-like powers! When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his amazing abilities to protect his fellow man. He learned the invaluable lesson that with great power must also come great responsibility...

Now the fledgling super hero tries to balance a full high school curriculum, a night job as a web designer for the Daily Bugle tabloid, a friendship with the beautiful Mary Jane Watson, and swing time as the misunderstood, web-slinging Spider-Man.

The costumed hero called Daredevil also shows up at Peter's school—in the guise of Daredevil's alter ego, lawyer Matt Murdock—and offers Peter an opportunity to plan the downfall of Wilson Fisk (a.k.a. the Kingpin of Crime). Since gaining his powers, Spider-Man has had several confrontations with the red-clad DD...and they are not friends.

But Peter is less a friend of the Kingpin, and is intrigued enough to follow DD to his super-hero meeting, and to help hatch a plan: Have the mysterious Moon Knight pose as a new hit man for the Kingpin—and then use Moon Knight to help take the Kingpin down from inside.

But the other heroes don't know that—though Moon Knight's intentions are pure—he is suffering from a massive multiple personality disorder. Moon Knight takes the new role of Ronin, and the Kingpin sends him to bring in Spider-Man...and Ronin does so by attacking Peter's school in broad daylight.



ULTIMATE KNIGHTS

PART 4

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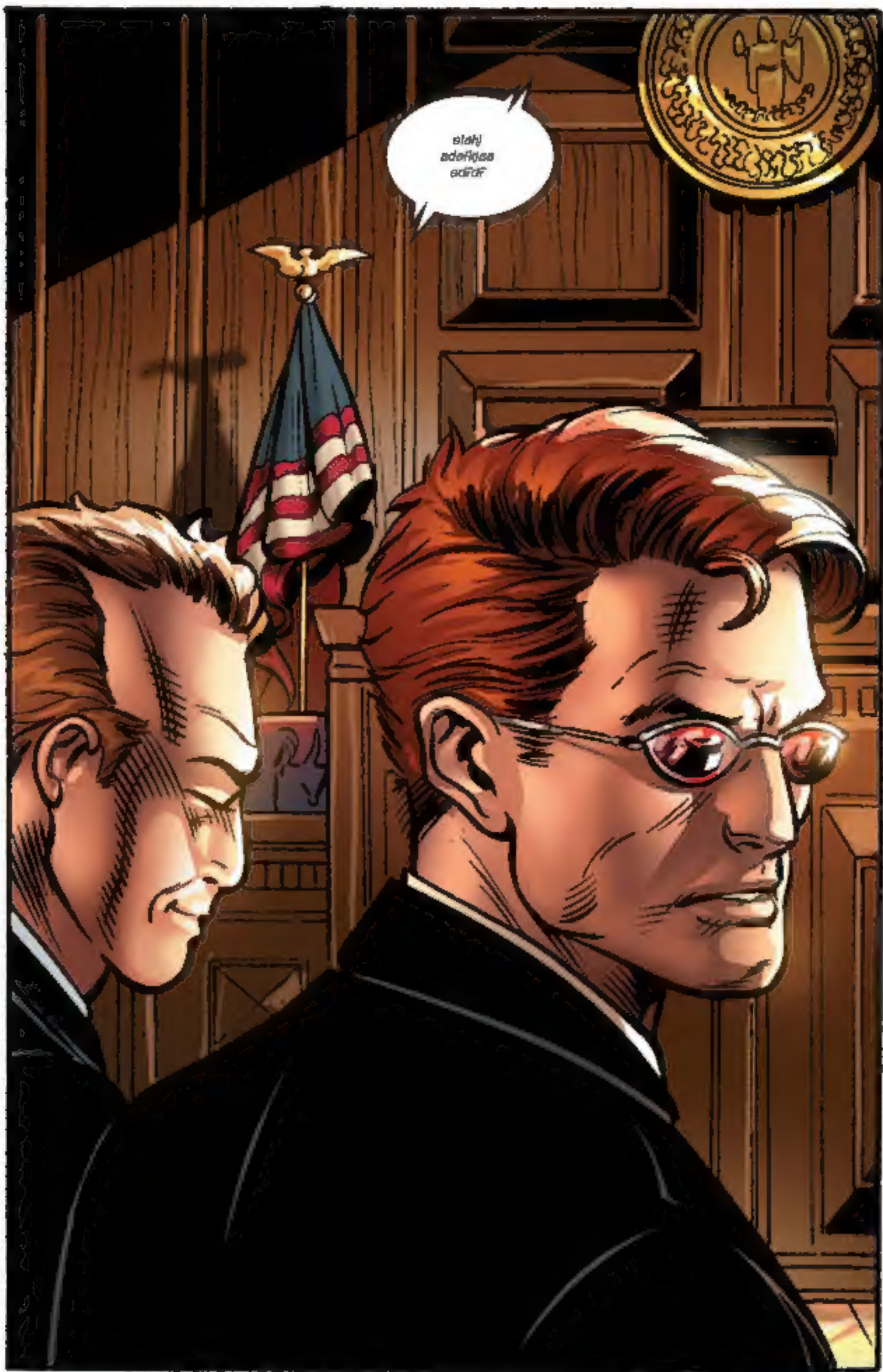
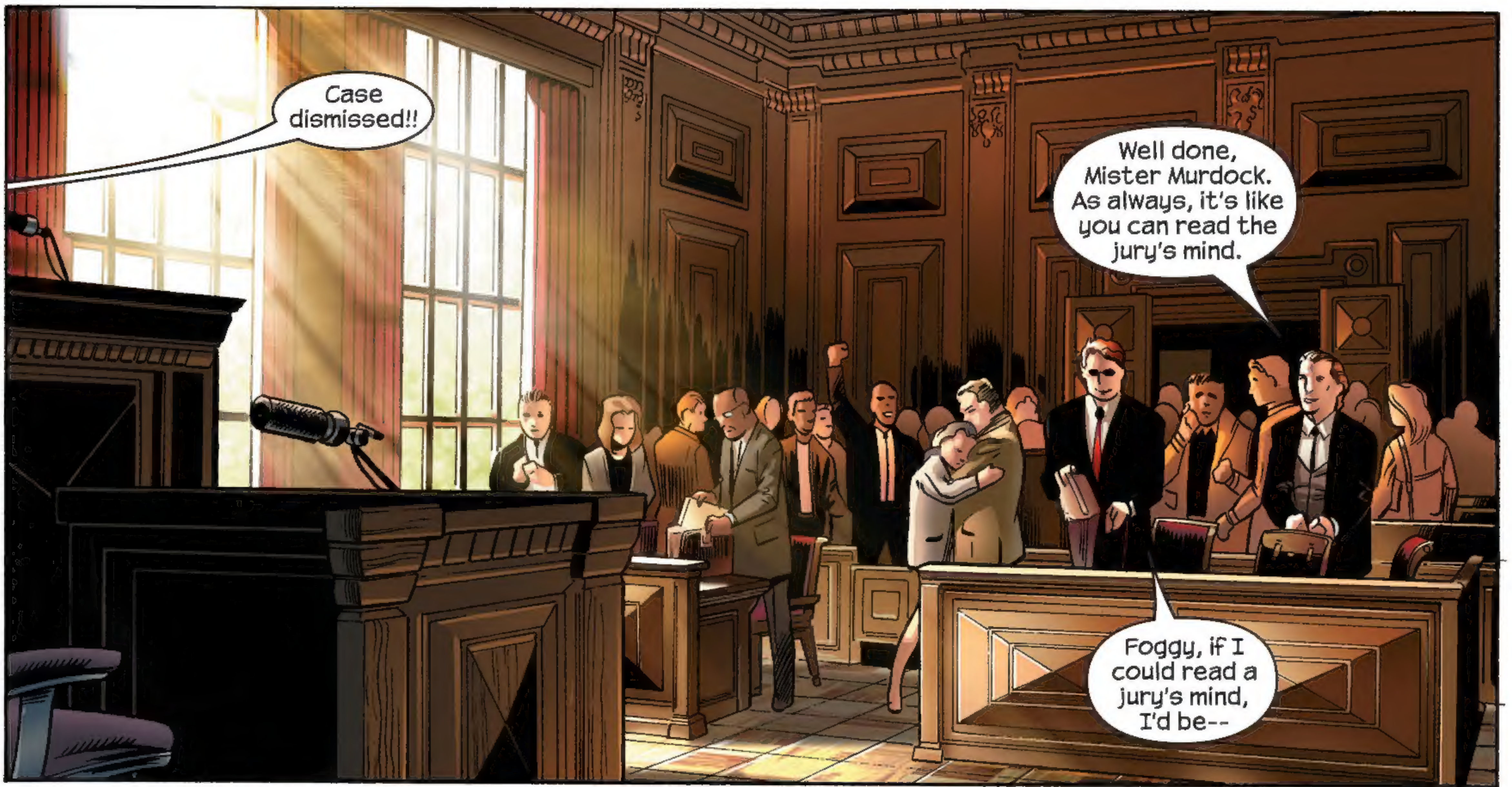
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Spider-Man-- Wake up, now...



Oh, Spider-Man...



Wakey wakey, li'l Spider-Man...
...rise and shine.



Oh... there you are.



I thought you might have a concussion...

But you are one tough little mutant-boy.

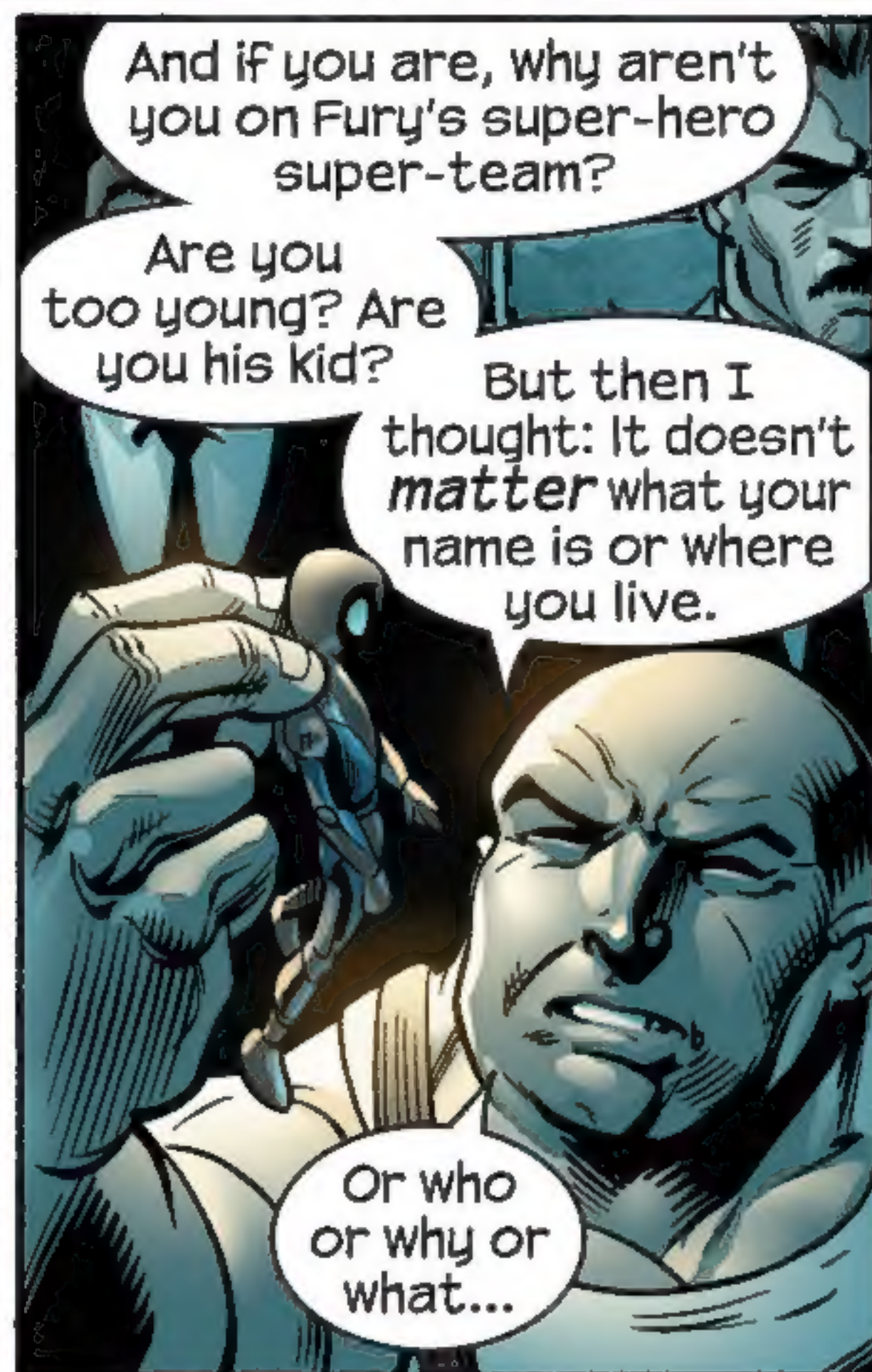


Are you a mutant? Everyone *thinks* you're a mutant.

But my friends at the FBI told me top cop Nick Fury flagged you.

And I don't want *Nick Fury* up in my business, because...

I was going to fingerprint you and find out your real name and all your juicy secrets--



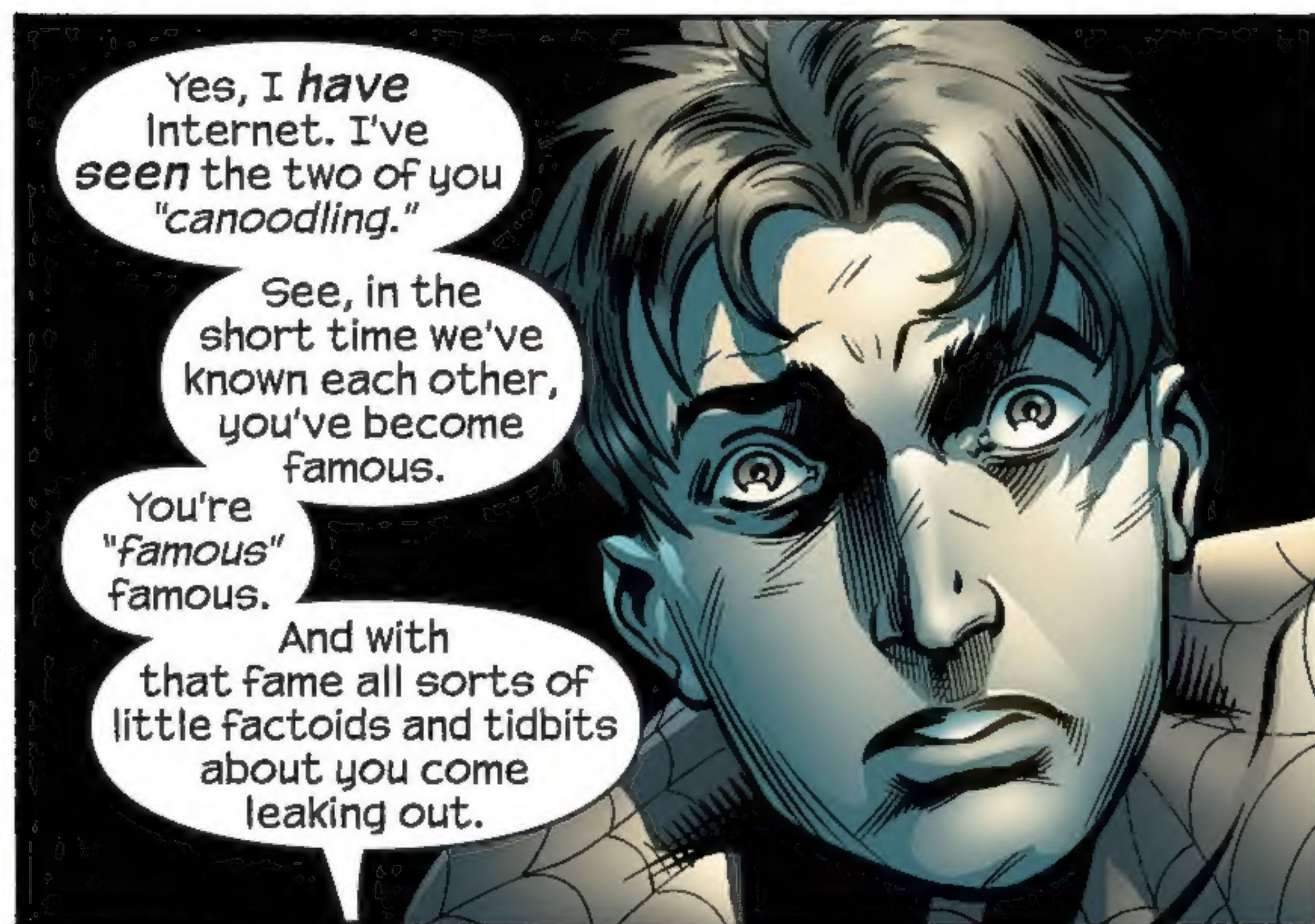


Oh, but you know what? You're a *teenager*. You'd probably *like* that.

Hmm, maybe I'll send some people up to Westchester County and firebomb that "Xavier School of Mutants."

Burn that little girlfriend of yours, what's her name??

Kitty Pryde.



Yes, I *have* Internet. I've *seen* the two of you "*canoodling*."

See, in the short time we've known each other, you've become famous.

You're "*famous*" famous.

And with that fame all sorts of little factoids and tidbits about you come leaking out.



So now I can *get* to you just as easy as you can get to me.

Try to hurt me and I *can* hurt you right back.

And this is before you do the *inevitable* idiotic move of telling the world who you *really* are.



And *then* I'll know who your mommy and daddy are.

I'll *know* where you live.



But- hold on- if I have you *here*--

--tied up and helpless--

--*now*--

If I have *you*, and I have a gun--

I have my *fists*.

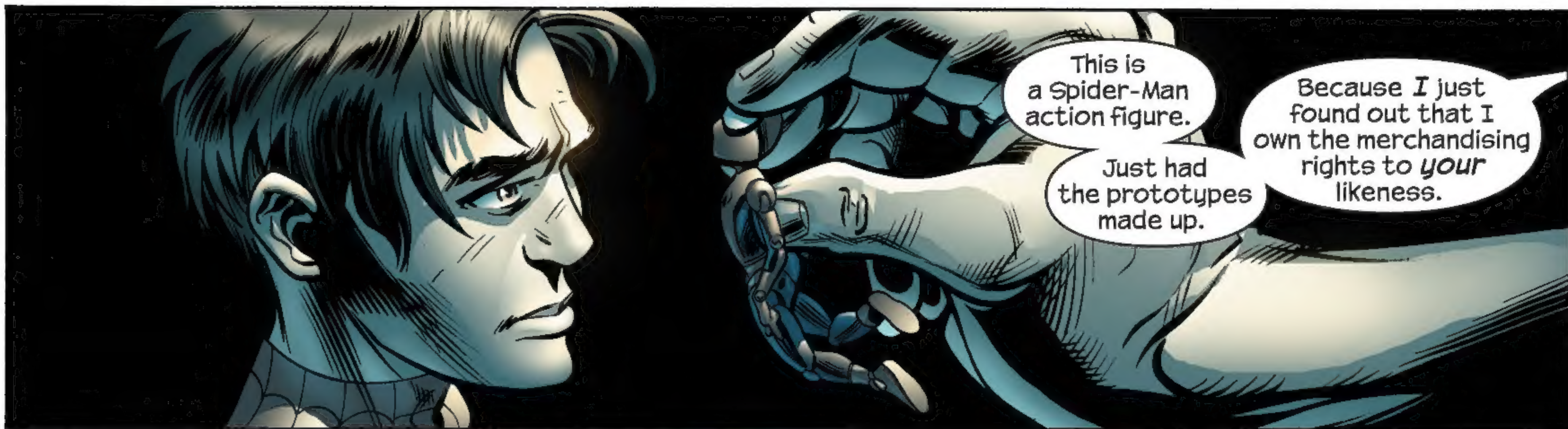
Why don't I just kill you *now*??

Hey, why don't I just kill you *now* and get it *over* with??



Well...

This is why.



This is a Spider-Man action figure.

Just had the prototypes made up.

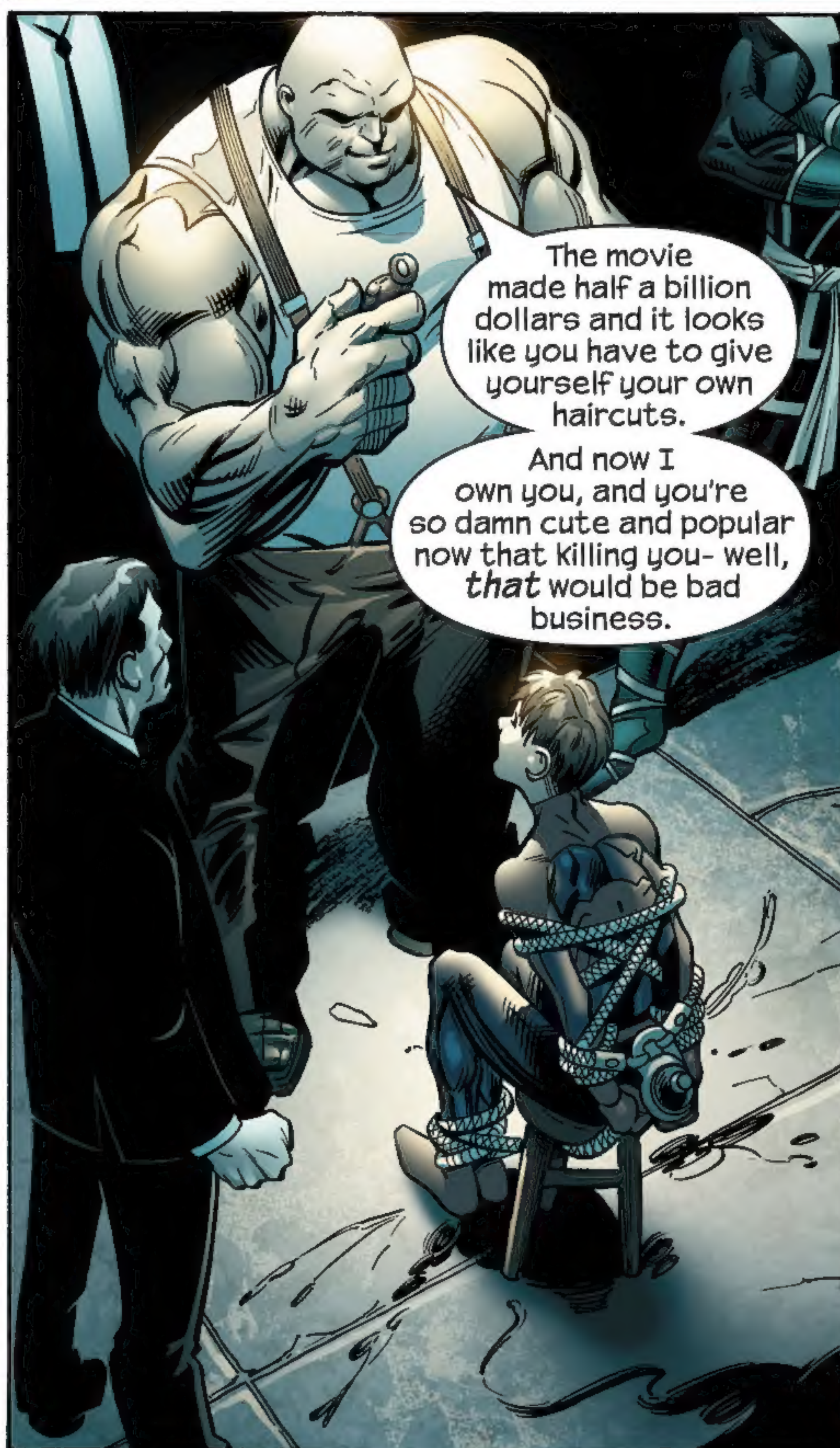
Because *I* just found out that I own the merchandising rights to *your* likeness.



It's a long story, but a company I own bought a company that registered your likeness.

I *own* it. Worldwide.

See, if you were *smart*, you would have registered the likeness and trademark...but you *didn't*.



The movie made half a billion dollars and it looks like you have to give yourself your own haircuts.

And now I own you, and you're so damn cute and popular now that killing you- well, *that* would be bad business.



You're probably even *more* popular because you just saved a high school from this deadly assassin here.

And as your popularity grows, so does the *value* of your likeness.

So no matter how much of a pain in my butt you *think* you are to me--

No matter how much money you *think* you cost me...

It is *nothing* compared to how much I make from you just being you.



Posters, T-shirts, toys, videos, sticker books, coffee mugs, bowling balls...

Worldwide...

I own you.



I own you.



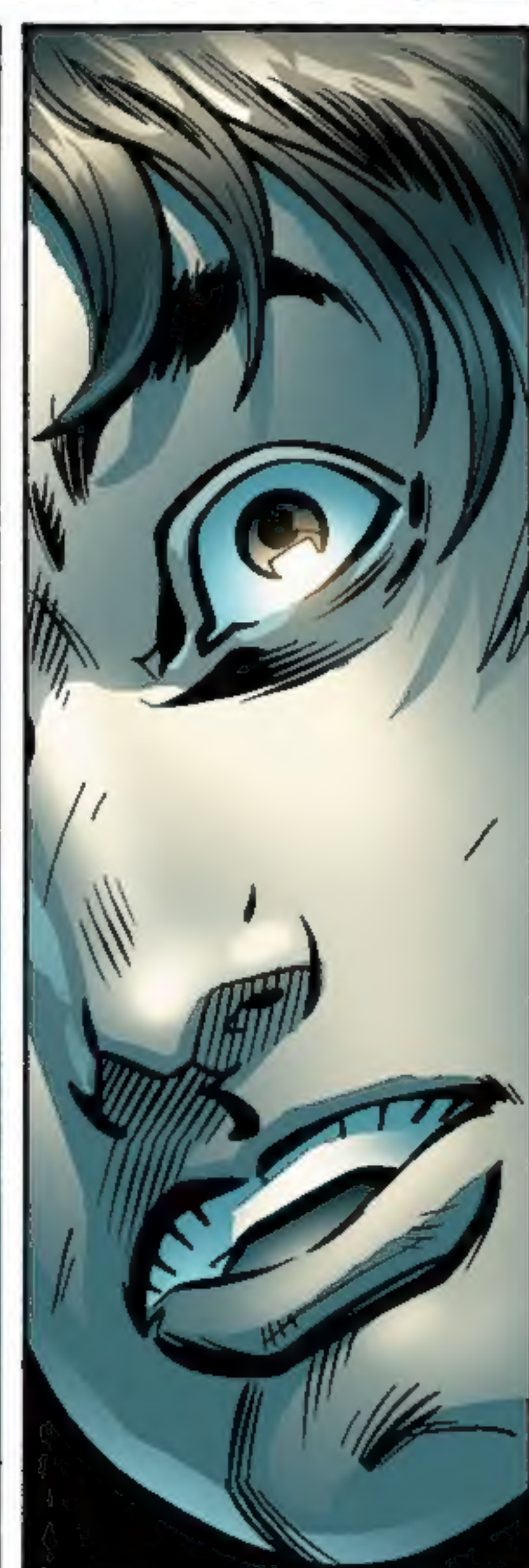
I own you.

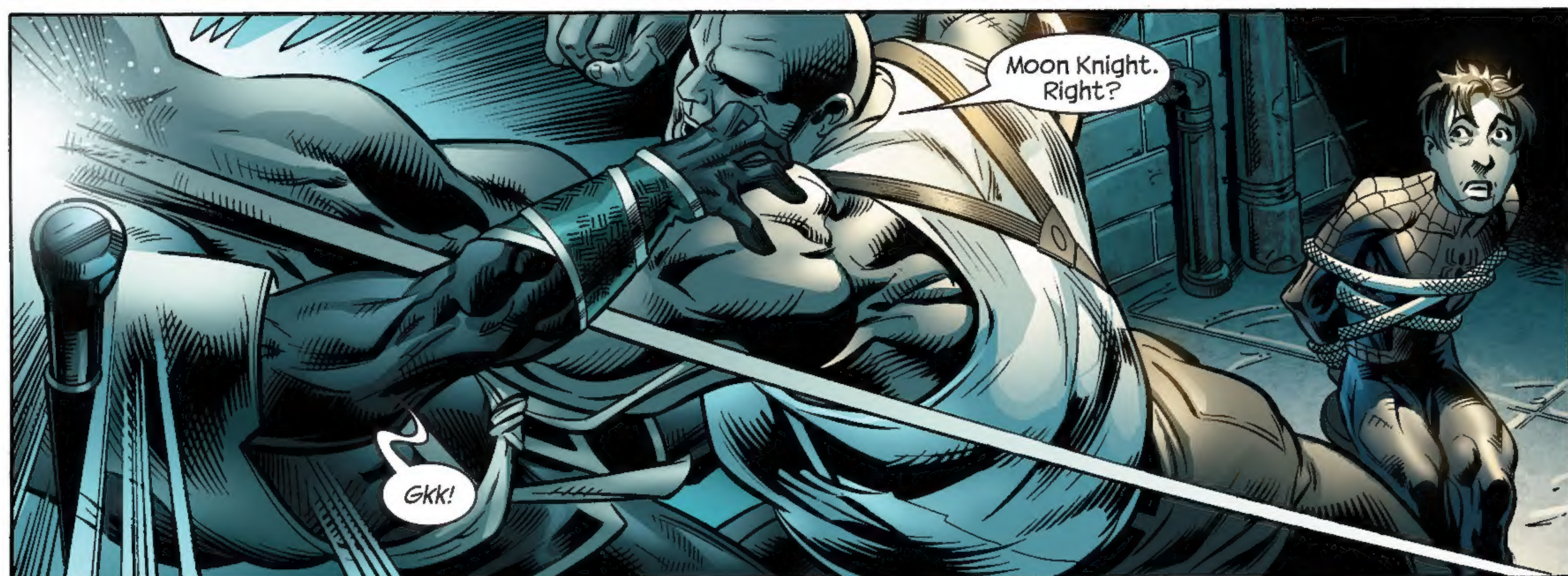
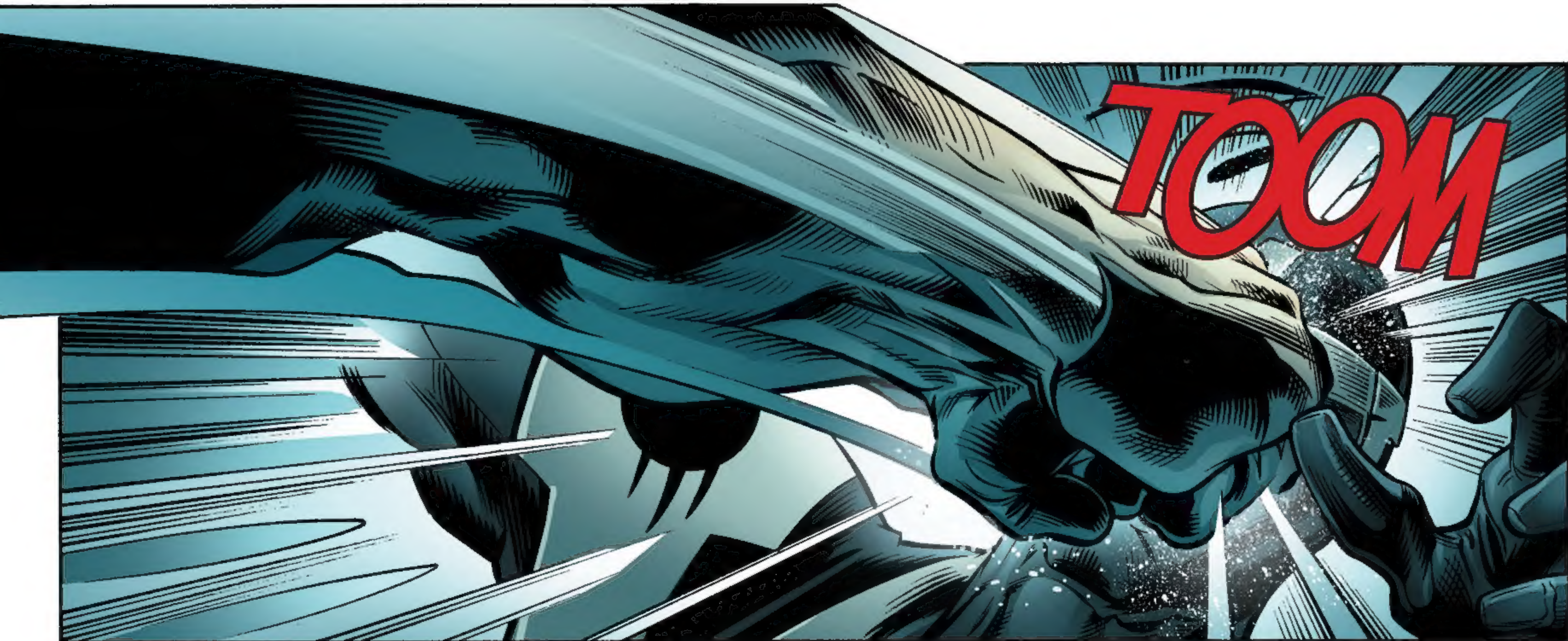


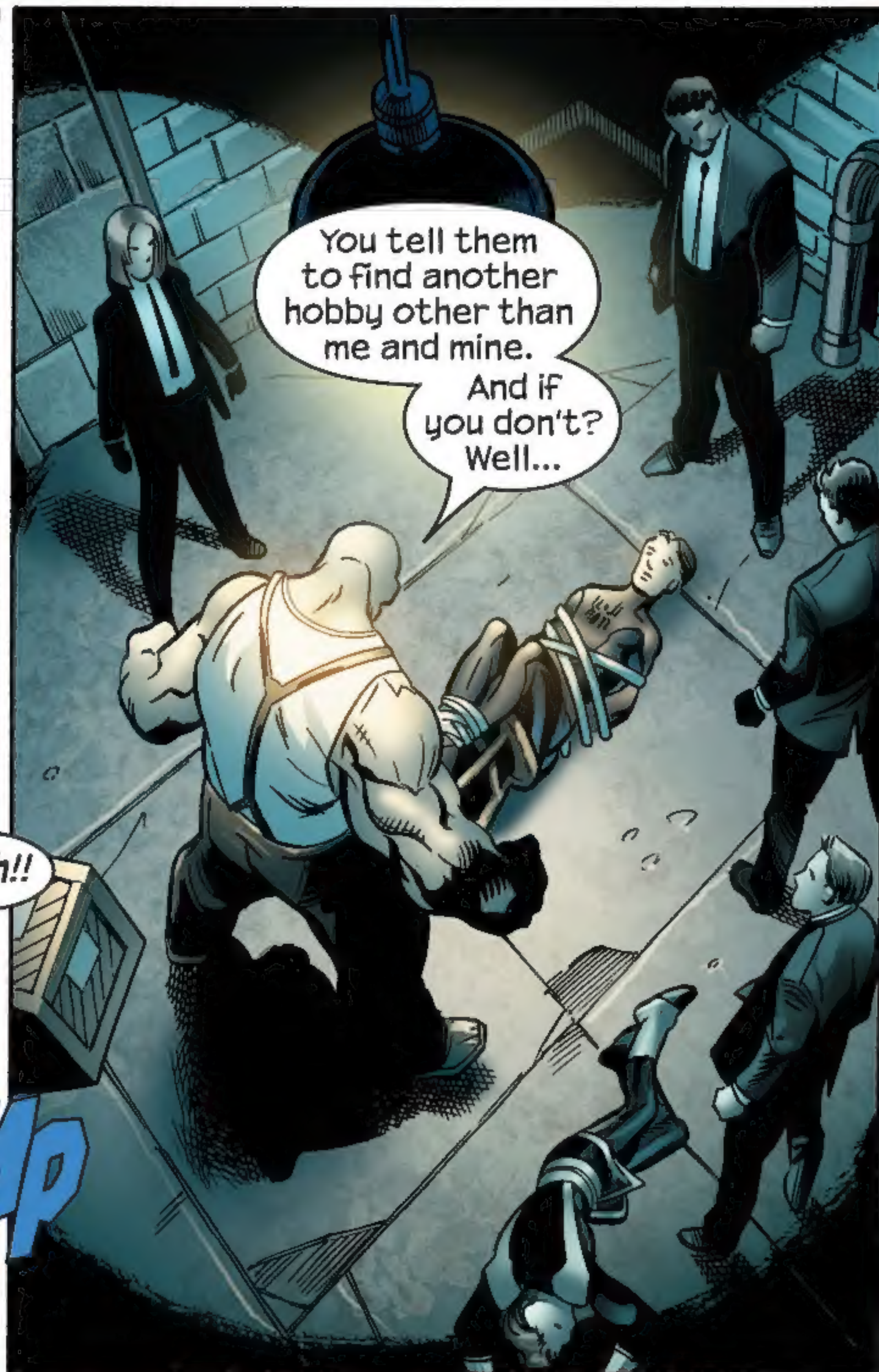
So I want you to go back to your little gang of vigilante knights.

All of them.

And I want you to tell them to *cut it out*.



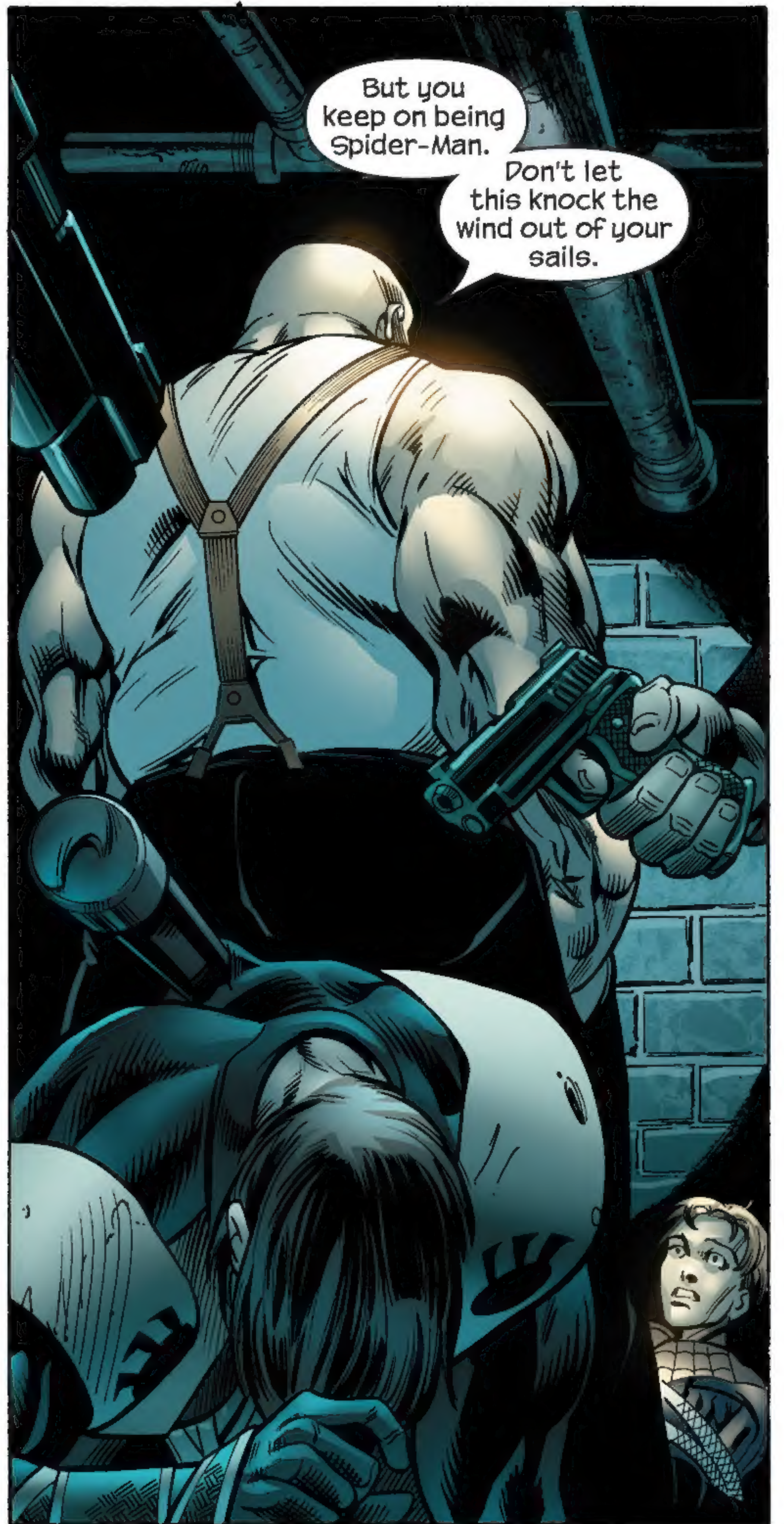






That's what I thought.

You do whatever you have to, to keep your costume-friends under control and you keep yourself out of my sight.



But you keep on being Spider-Man.

Don't let this knock the wind out of your sails.



You keep saving old ladies from muggers and every once in a while you stop my old golfing buddy, Norman Osborn, from destroying the city.

And don't you even *think* about *not* being Spider-Man anymore.



No, no.

You're not getting out of it that easy.

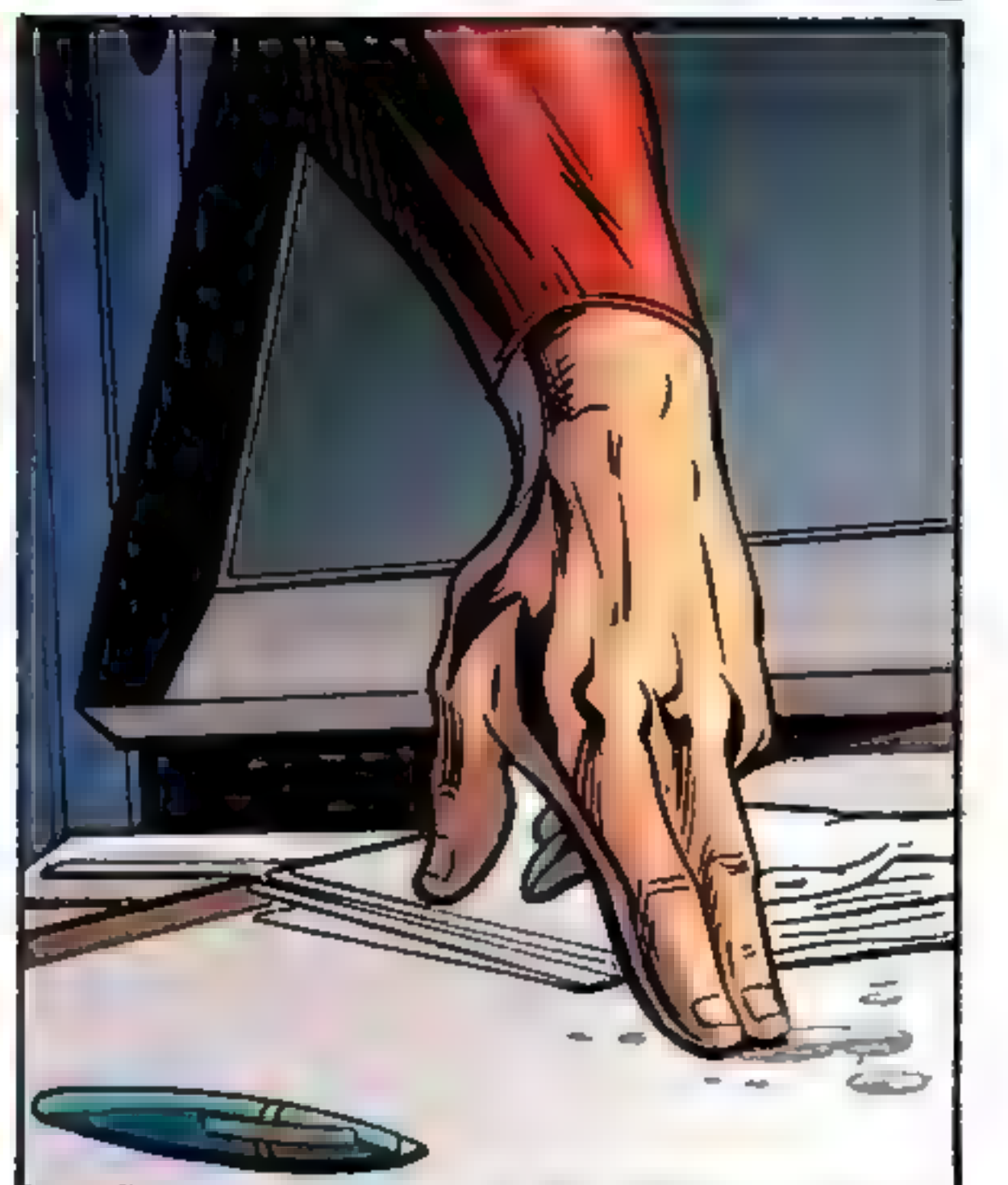
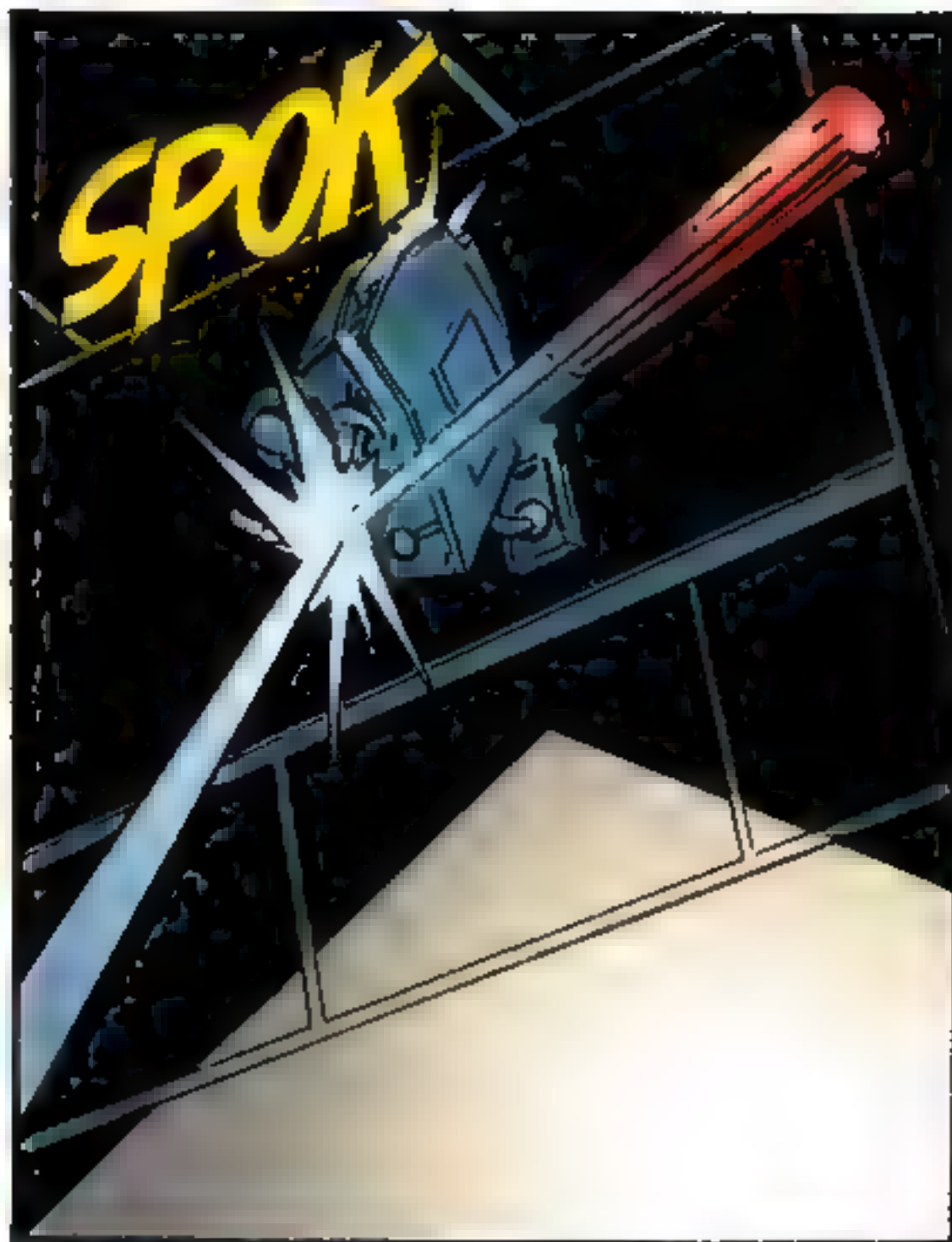
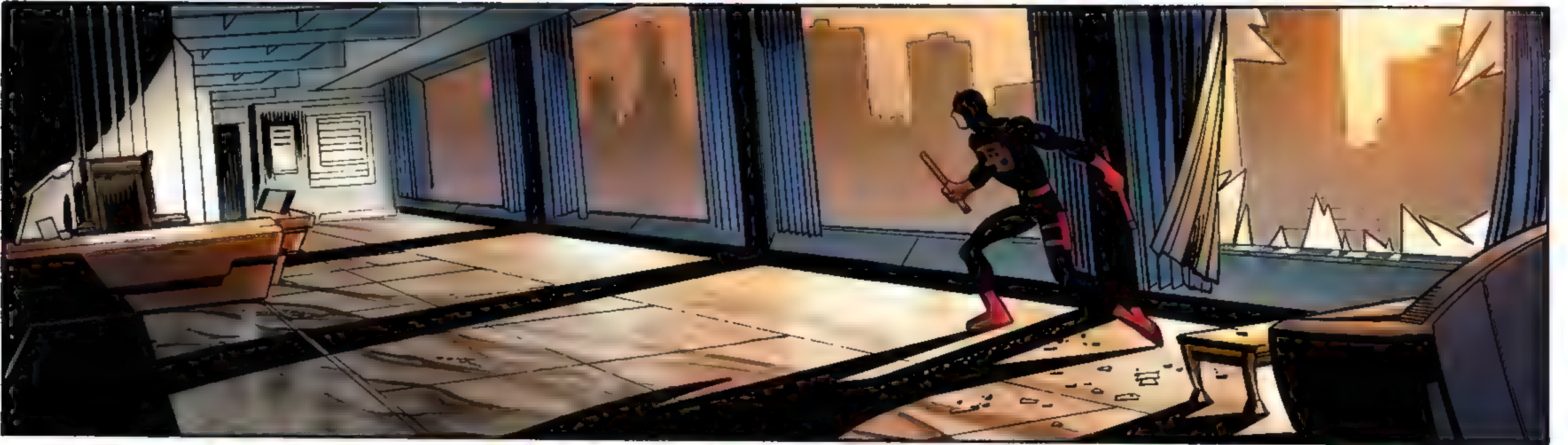
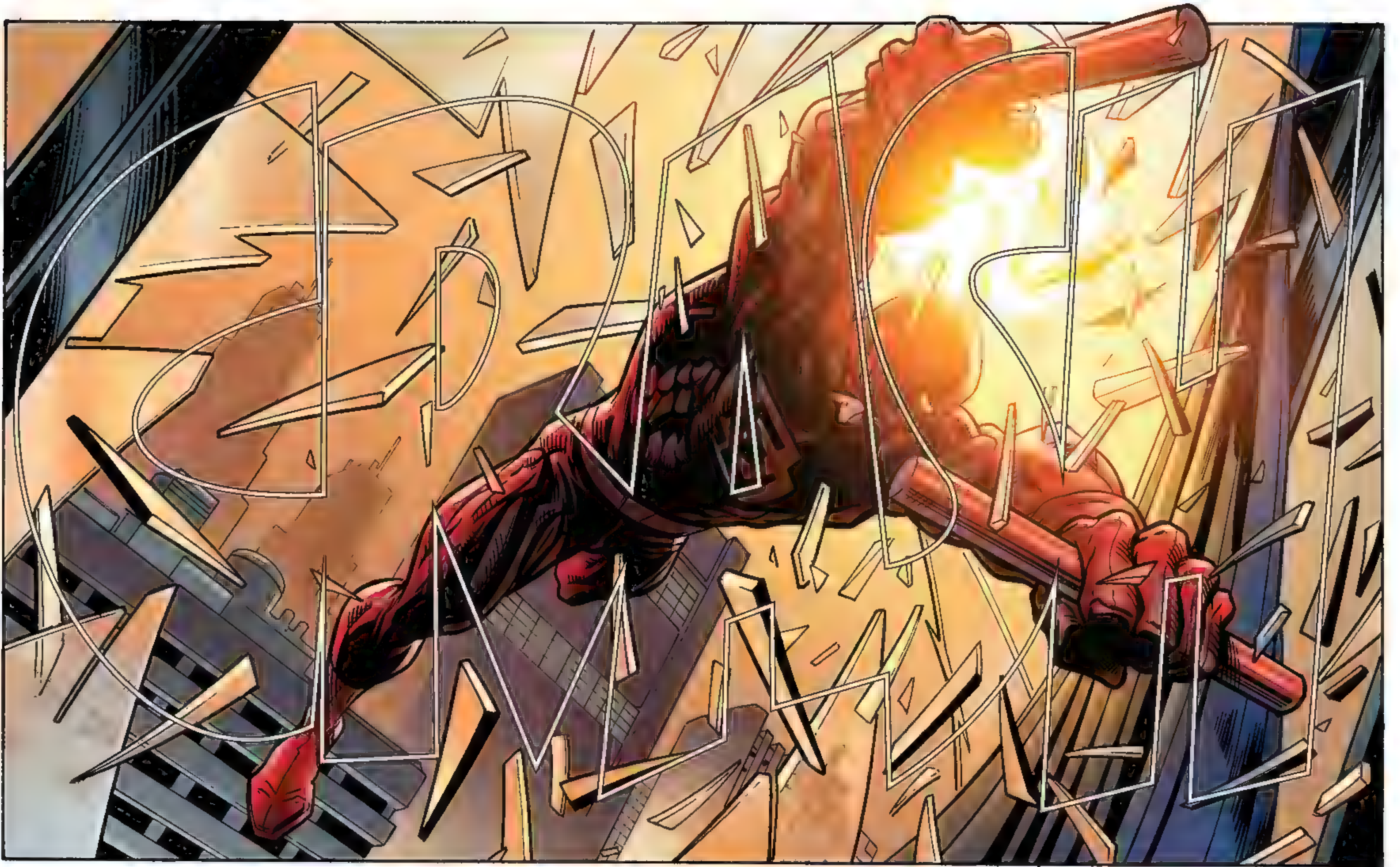


You stop being Spider-Man and, well, I'll just hire someone to be Spider-Man for me.



See, I own the rights...

Understood?







Man, I am **very** uncomfortable with this.

Fine.

But I think that Spider-Man kid is in *trouble* and I think we *put* him in trouble with this plan of ours.

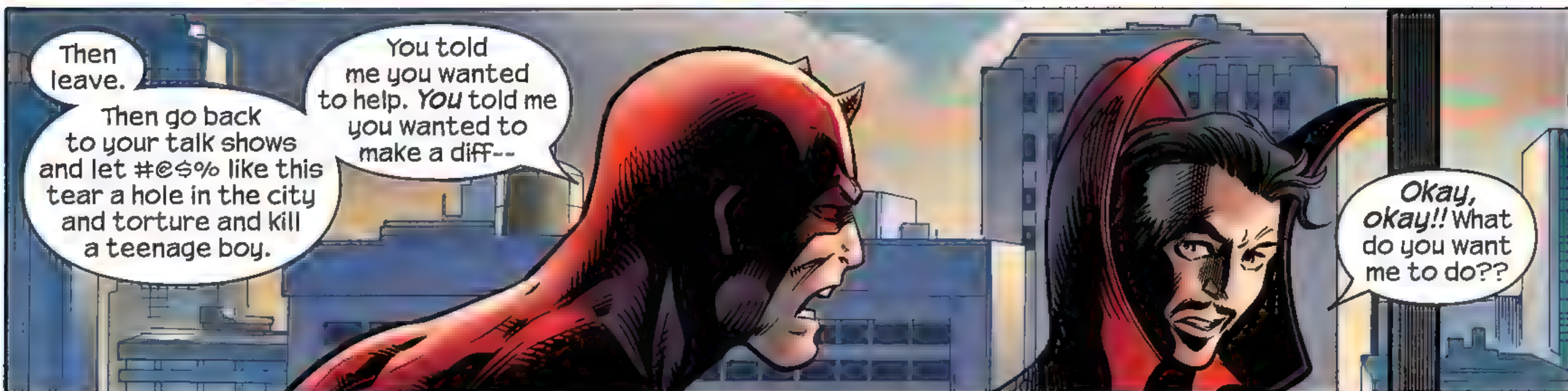
Of *ours*?? This was yours.



Well, as annoying as that kid *is*, his heart's in the right place and--

I just-- this is the Kingpin's place. This is breaking and entering.

I'm sort of famous. I can't be seen *doing* stuff like this.



Then leave.

Then go back to your talk shows and let #e\$% like this tear a hole in the city and torture and kill a teenage boy.

You told me you wanted to help. *You* told me you wanted to make a diff--

Okay, okay!! What do you want me to do??



Can you cast a spell that--

"Cast a spell."

Or whatever you call what it is that you do.

Can you do it so it lets us know what happened here and where they went?

Where who went?



There's a faint smell residue of Spider-Man *and* Kingpin...

...and a little Moon Knight.

(I can barely make it out.)

I don't smell *anything*.

They were here.

There was a wet body on *this* desk. On these papers.

And it's water they use in industrial fire detection sprinkler-systems and these sprinklers haven't been on.

How do you know *that*?



There's a chemical they use in industrial sprinklers that is slightly- it doesn't *matter*.

Moon Knight brought him up here and they took him away.

I need to know where they took him.

Hold on.



Okay.

How long ago do you think this was?

I don't- I don't know.

But you know what sprinkler water smells like.

I don't know.

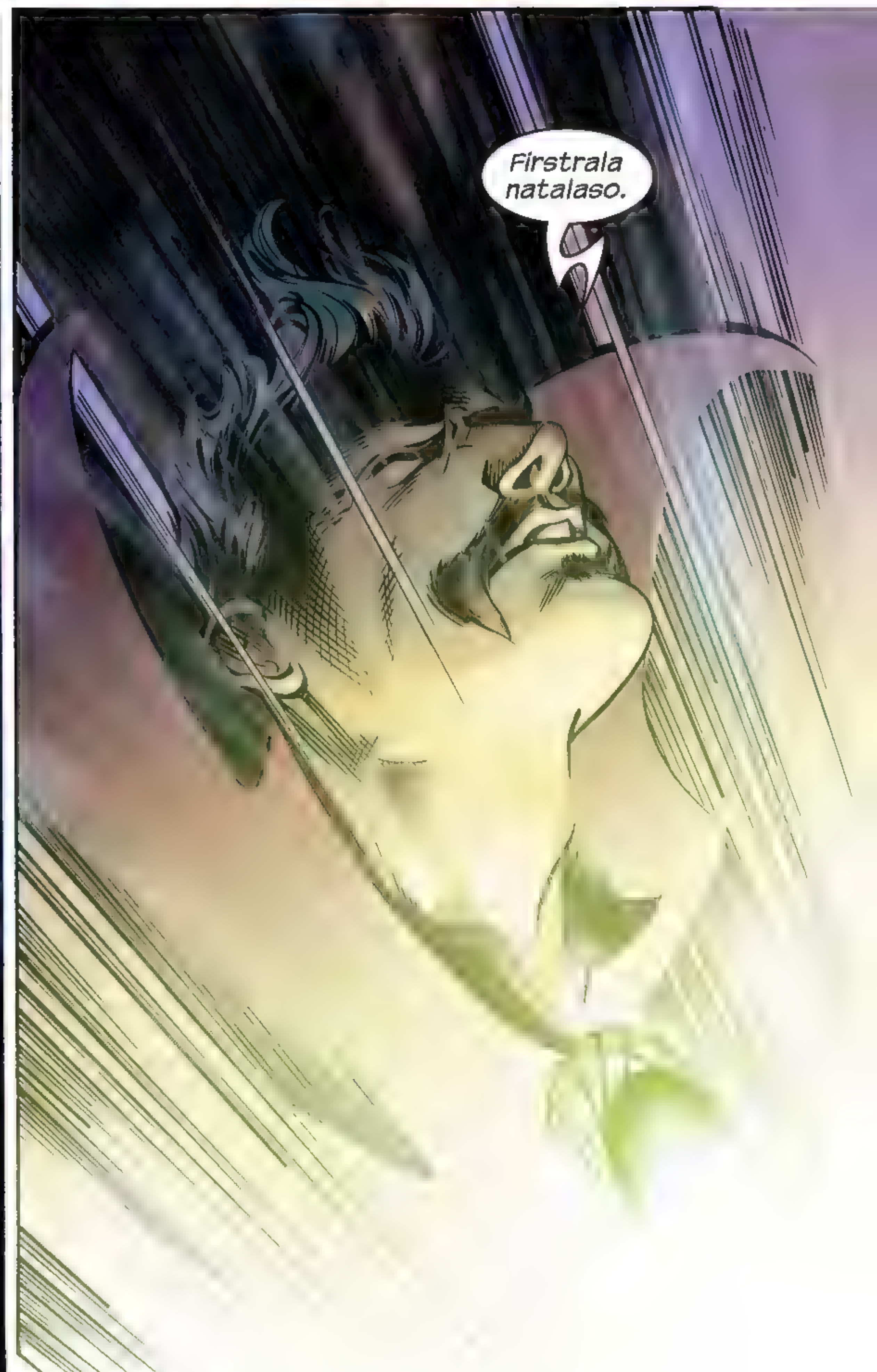
Okay, hold on...



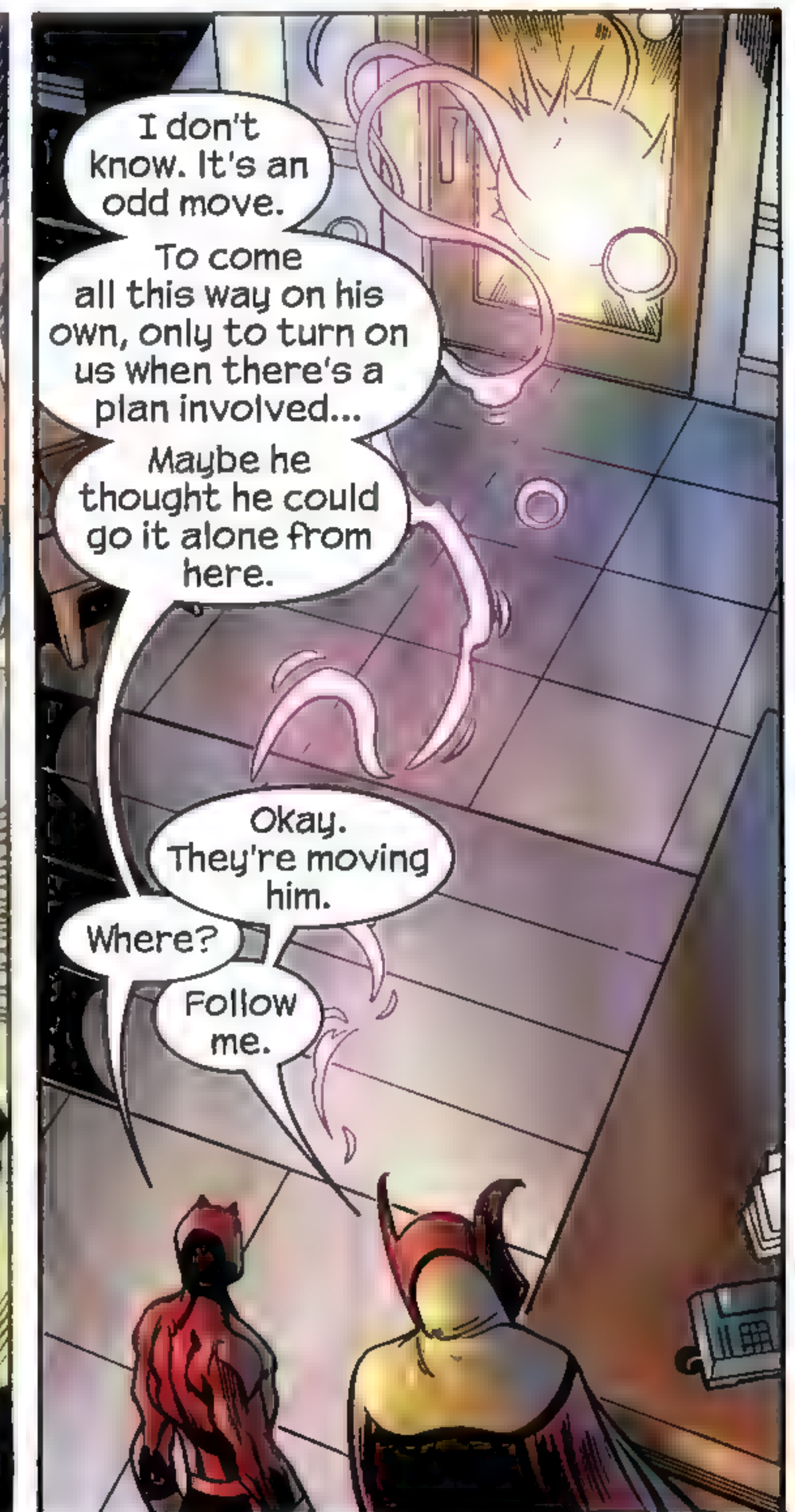
Furtanato distretnatoto.

What's happening?

Shh!



Firstrala natalaso.



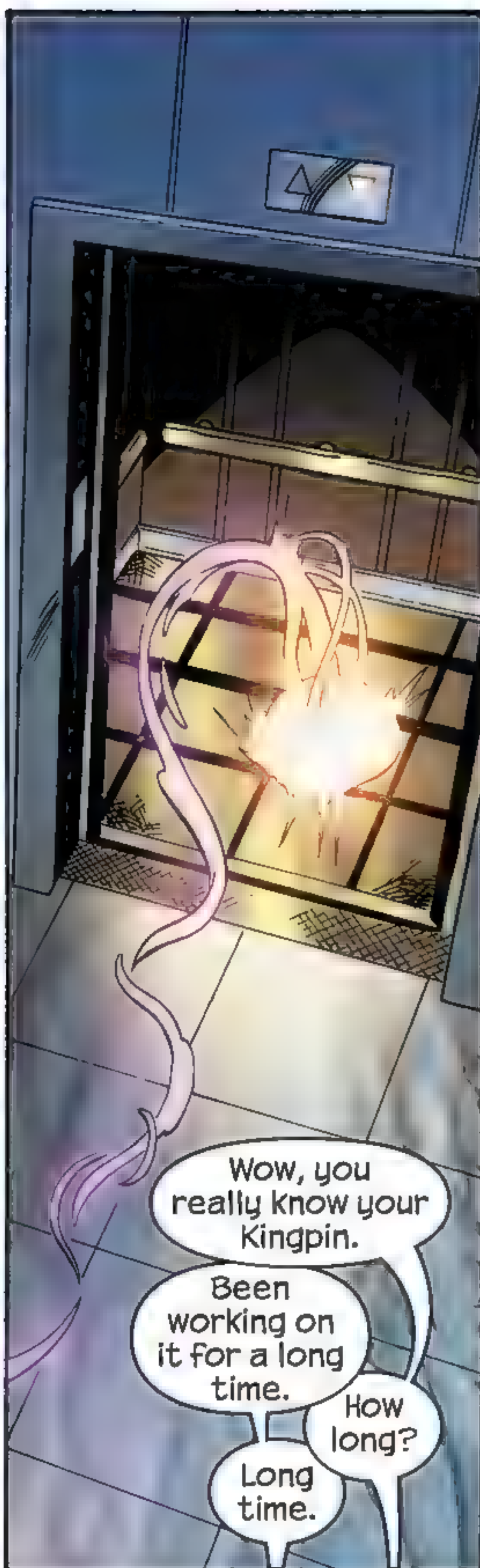


Where is everyone?

Where are the secretaries and office people?

This is Wilson's floor.

There's no one up here, so no one can overhear anything that might get them whacked for overhearing.



Wow, you really know your Kingpin.

Been working on it for a long time.

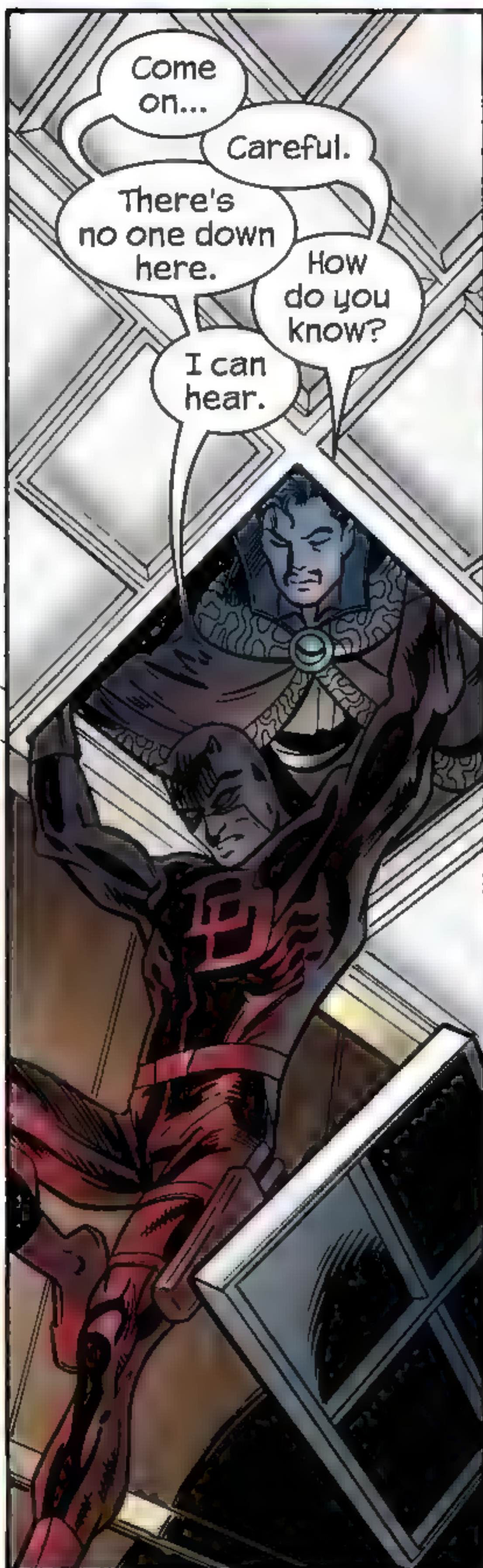
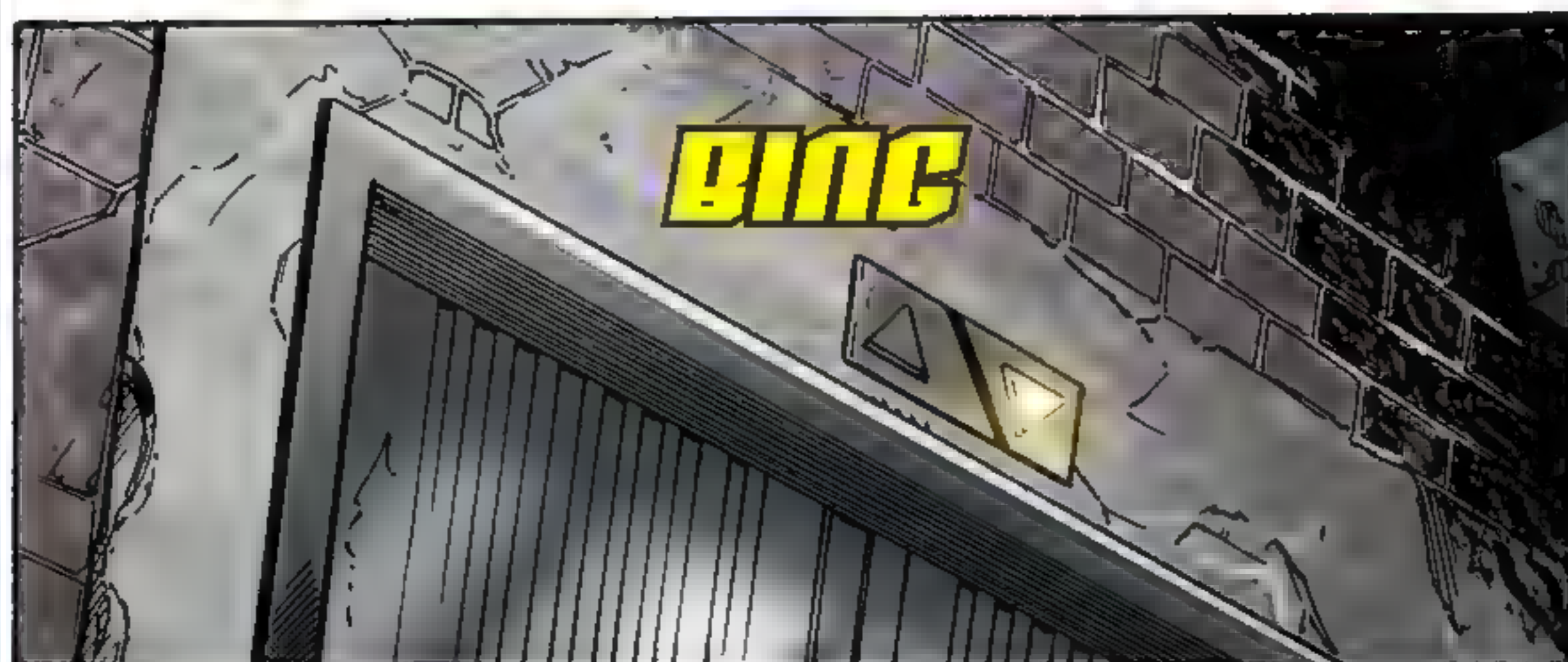
How long?

Long time.



Do we take the elevator?

Kind of.



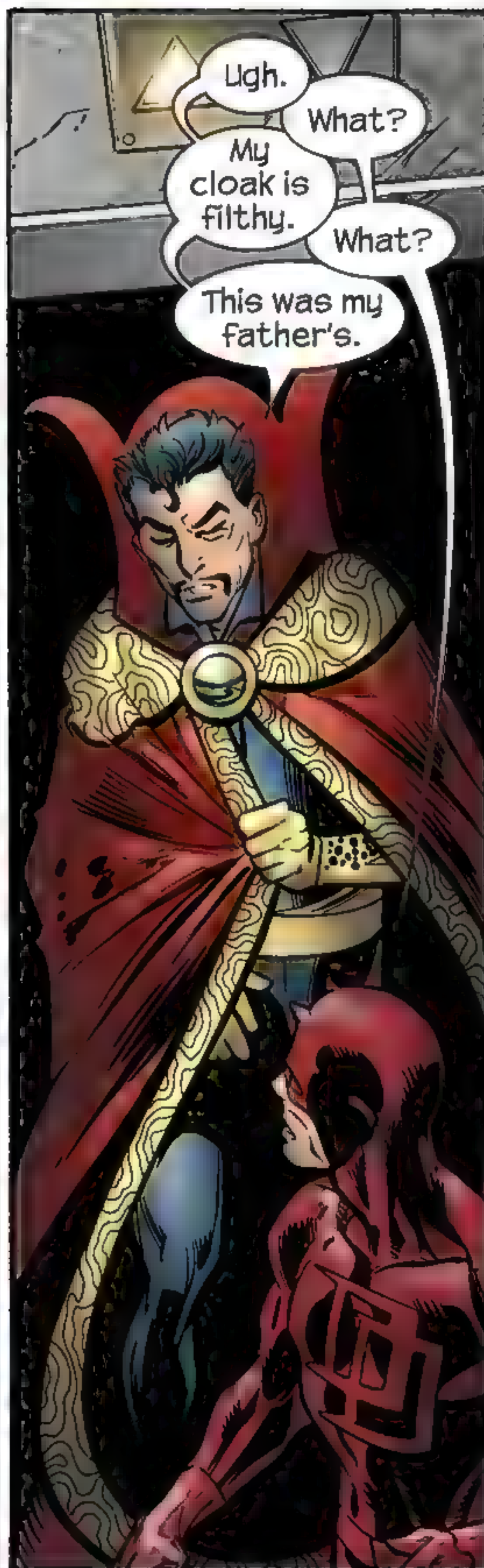
Come on...

Careful.

There's no one down here.

How do you know?

I can hear.



Ugh.

What?

My cloak is filthy.

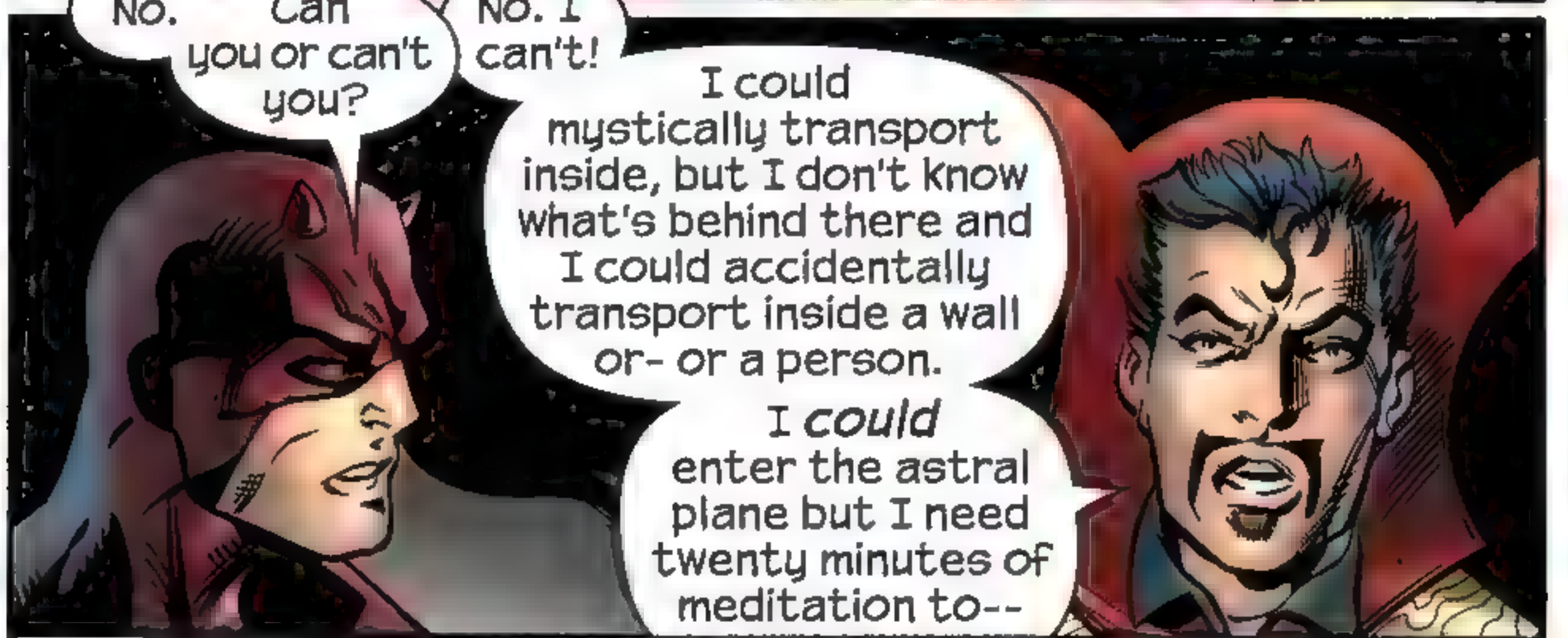
What?

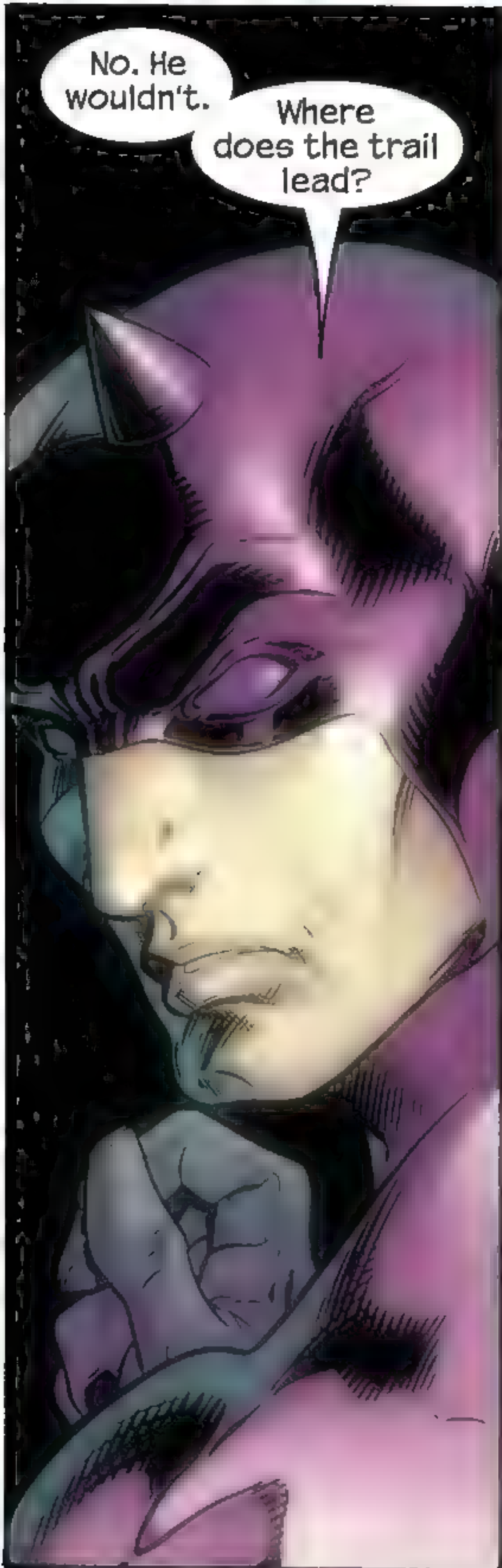
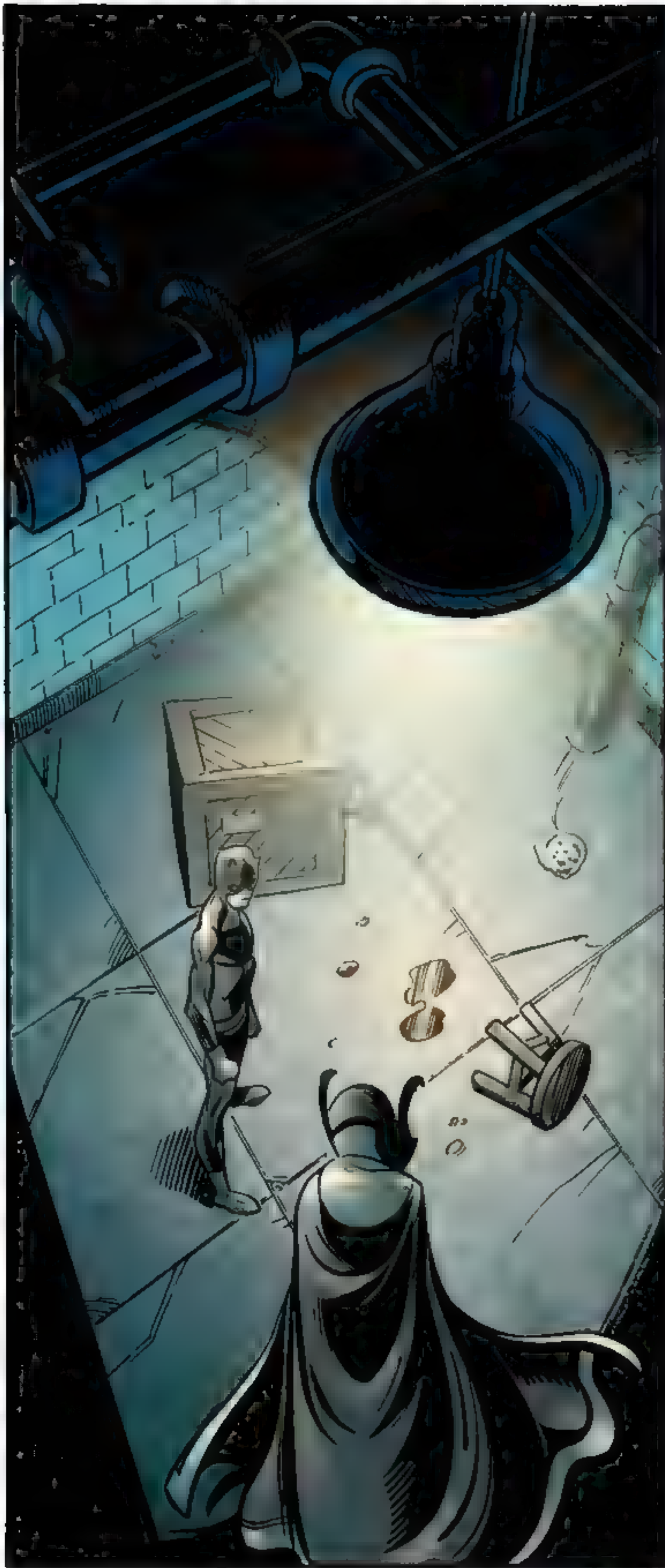
This was my father's.



Where?

There.





No. He wouldn't.

Where does the trail lead?

It stops here. They got in a car and left. I can't follow it.

But they left the kid.

(That's so odd.)

Let's get the rest of the group together and make a plan.

I'll go to Queens, see if I can find the kid.



Okay.

We need to find Spider-Man.



Do you know where he lives?

No, Shang-Chi, I do not.

How'd you find him *last* time?

He's not there now.



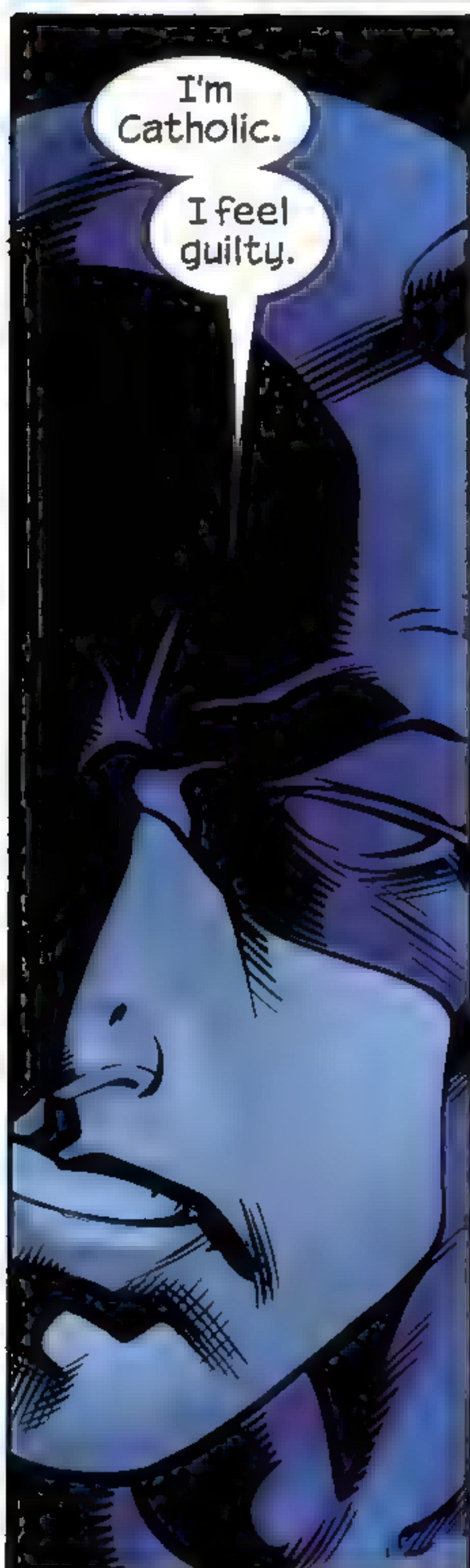
If they killed him...

It's our fault. Yes, that's what I am saying.



Wait-
what?

How is it *our* fault? We didn't do anything. Kingpin is the bad guy.



I'm Catholic.

I feel guilty.



I just don't understand this Moon Knight guy--

Well, he does dress up as the *moon*!

Let's not all be *so* surprised he isn't all that stable.



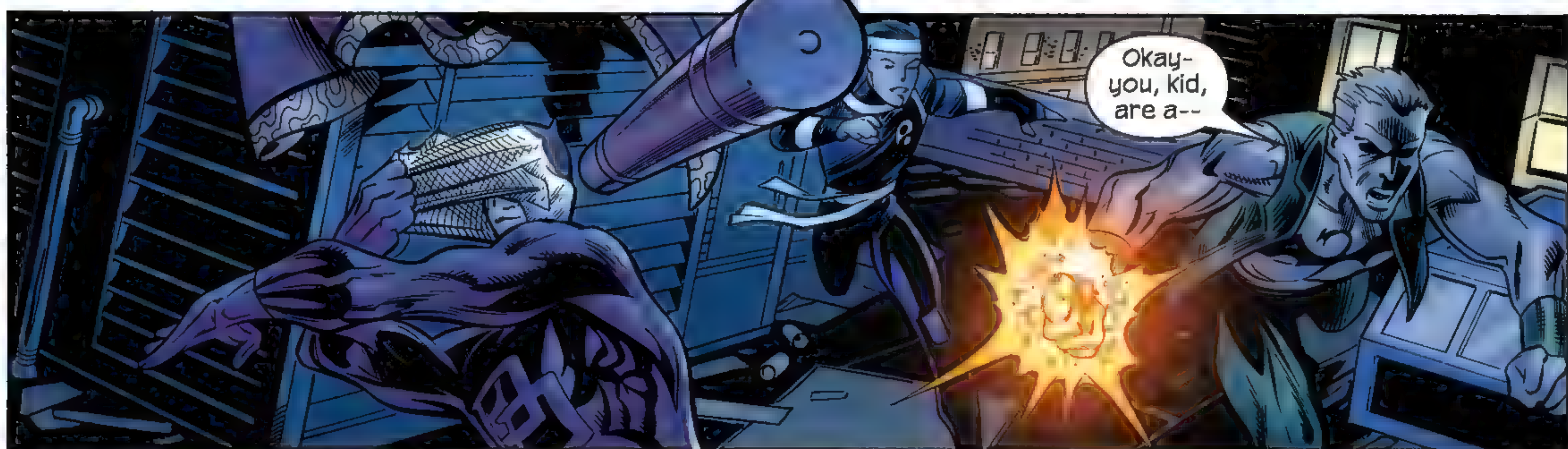
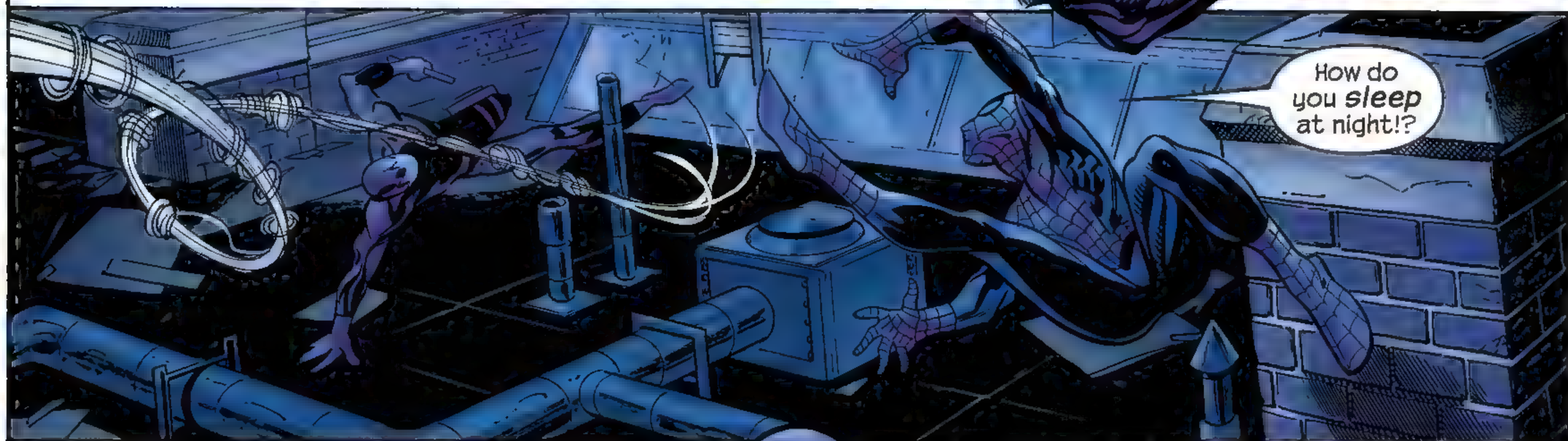
And let's not start holding up *that* mirror, shall we?

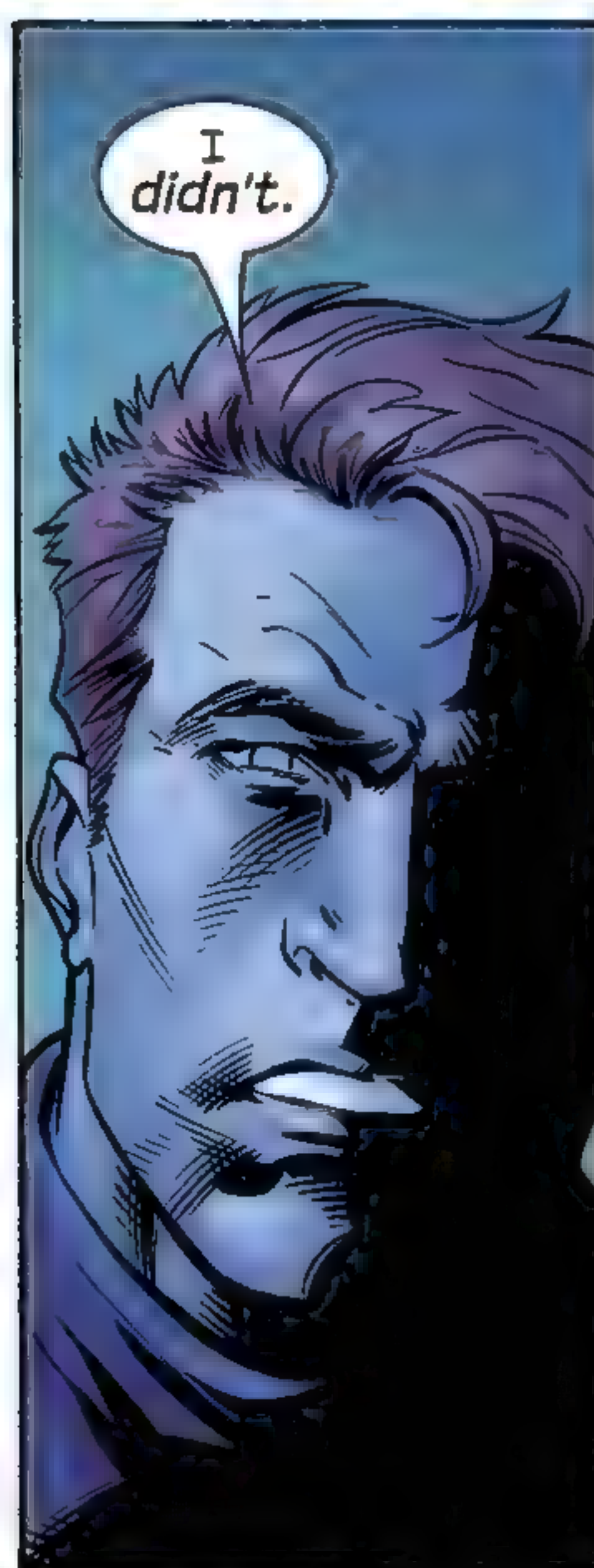
"Iron Fist."

What we need to do now is--



THWACK







Whoah!!

What was that?!!

My law office.

What?



Let's go!!

There's no one there.

It's closed for the night. Everyone went home.

Let it burn.



But--

The fire department is on its way.

I'm not going to run around my office screaming at the wind.

Because that's *exactly* what he wants me to do.



He killed my father.

I don't know if you can relate to this at all but--

--but this man- in his rise to power- killed my father because he wouldn't throw a boxing match.

He killed my father.



I brought you here to help us climb a mountain that we as individuals cannot climb.

I want, before I die, to have done one thing...



To bring him to *justice*.

Because that is the *only* revenge that will *mean* anything.

He doesn't *believe* in justice *or* the law.

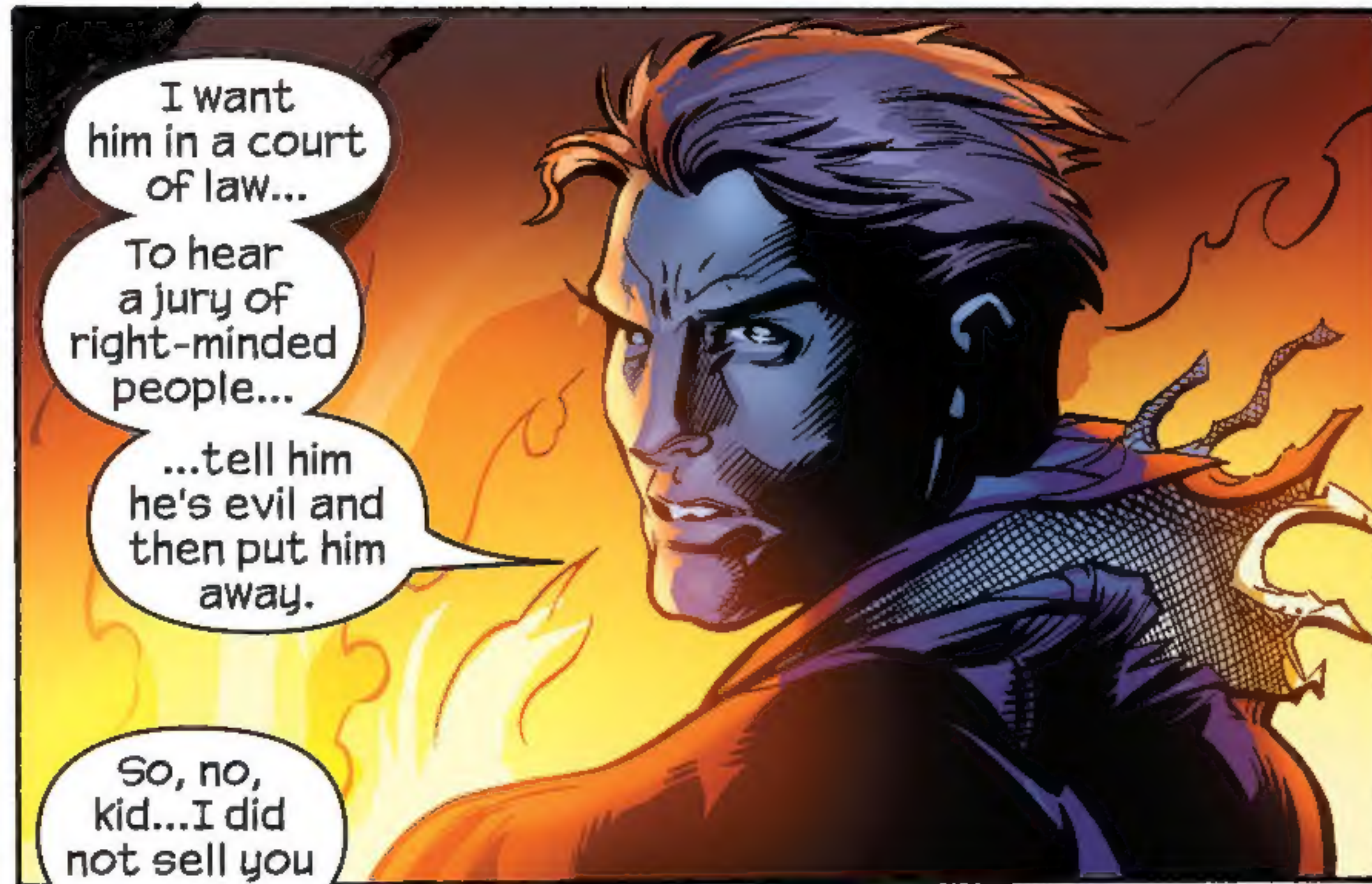
He doesn't believe he can be punished.

He believes he is *allowed* to do what he is doing.



And as much as I want to wrap my hands around his throat and watch him die...

It won't *mean* anything.



I want him in a court of law...

To hear a jury of right-minded people...

...tell him he's evil and then put him away.

So, no, kid...I did not sell you out.



He told you- I *think* he told you that so you'd come over here and sock me in the face.

Another little win for him.

Well, he knows who you are and he knows what you've done.

So somebody told him something.



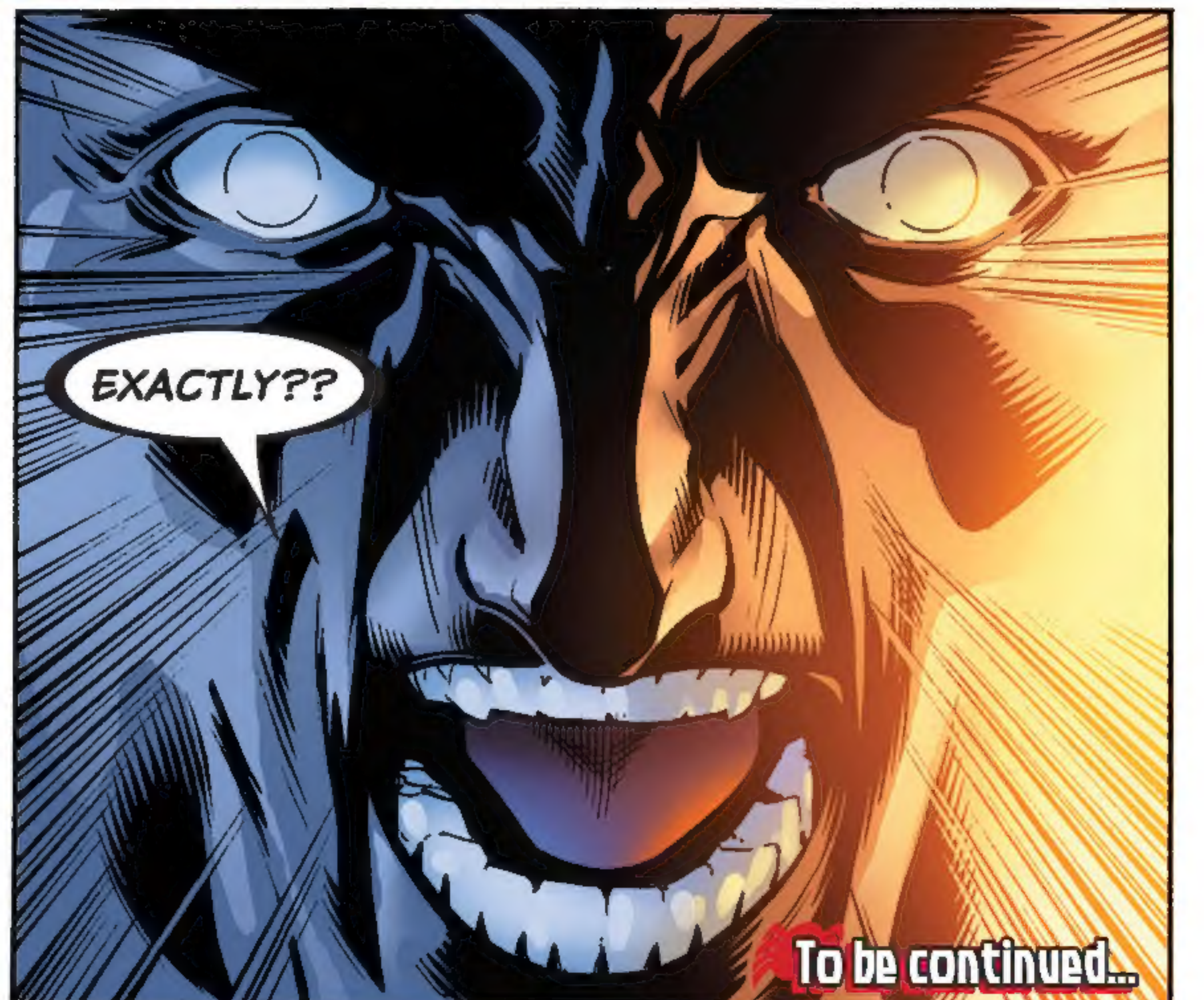
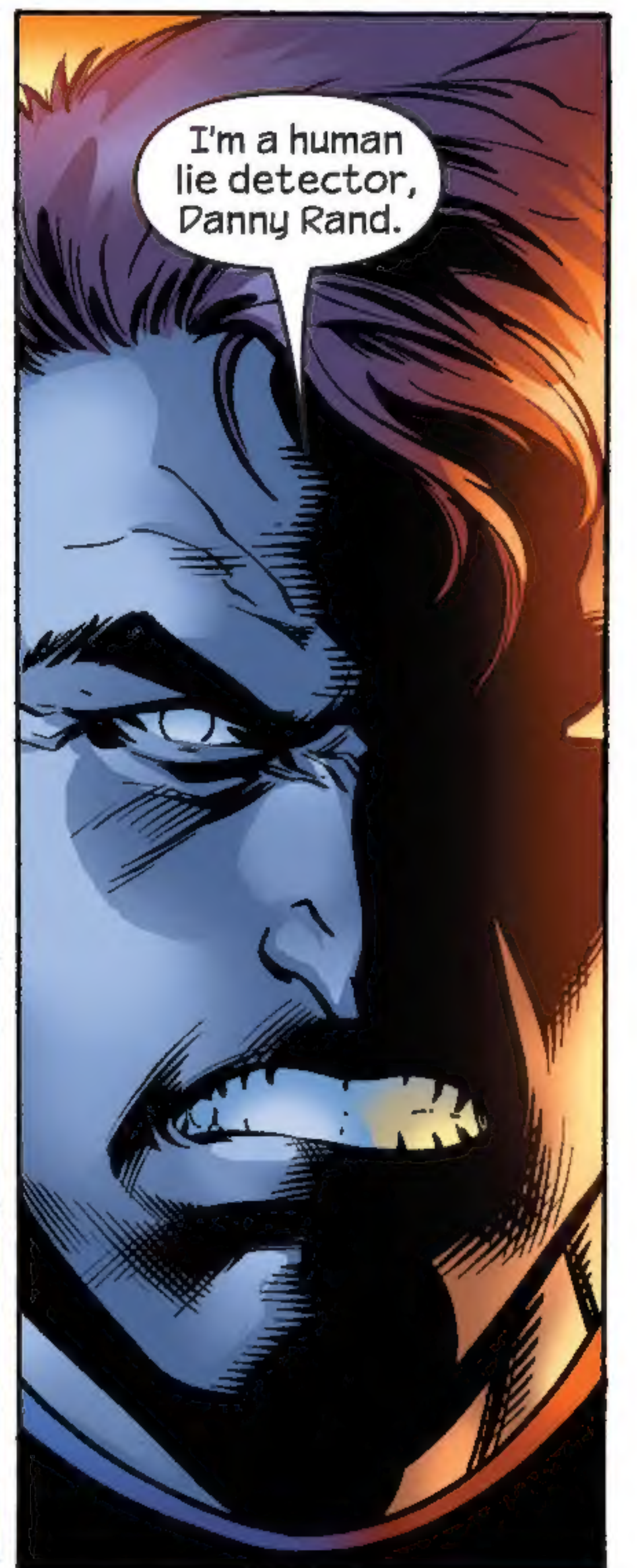
Moon Knight did.

Well, I don't think he and the Kingpin were in cahoots, as he spent the better part of my homework time beating the guy in front of me.

Doesn't mean he didn't betray *us*.



Trust me, me and that Moon Tard are going to have some words, but I don't think he did it.



To be continued...



SON OF

ULTRAMAN